

Rangeley Lakes.

VOL. I.

RANGELEY, MAINE, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1895.

NO. 26.

AN INTERESTING RUMOR

Which Says that the Sandy River and Phillips & Rangeley Roads

May Change Their Routes So that the Depot at Phillips Will Be Located on the "British" Side.

[Special to RANGELEY LAKES].

PHILLIPS, ME., Nov. 19.—An interesting rumor, which may or may not have any real foundation in fact, is going the rounds in railroad circles. This rumor says that the ultimate intention of the Sandy River and Phillips & Rangeley R.R.s. is to discontinue their present union station and erect a new station on the flat back of the old Austin and Lambert places, on the other side of the river.

To support this rumor, it is cited that the work of filling the trestles now under way on the Sandy River road does not include the filling of the bridge trestle nor the trestle at the present station, neither of which would be used if the change should be made. Further than this, the P. & R. bridge over the river is in such shape that it must be entirely rebuilt by another season. In case the proposed change were made this bridge would be done away with and this expense averted. It will also be borne in mind that the big Phillips & Rangeley mogul cannot be run across the Sandy River bridge at the Salmon Hole without violation of the bridge builder's guarantee; but the change suggested would allow the engine to haul her giant loads from Redington to Farmington.

It is also said that the change would do away with five crossings, Bean's, South St., Pleasant St., Main St. and True's, while in their place there would be but the Mile Square crossing, a road less travelled than any of the preceding five. Two bridges and two long trestles would also be done away with and the mileage considerably shortened.

To get an idea of what the change would mean, imagine that the Sandy River road instead of continuing over the Salmon Hole bridge as at present, turned sharply to the right at Layton's and followed to the right of the carriage road till it reached the flat back of the house now owned by A. S. Pratt. Here the station would be erected, and from here the road would continue past D. T. Libby's and up through the valley to the farm of True and Beedy where it would meet the present track.

Officials of the roads refuse to commit themselves in regard to this plan but admit that it has been talked of and may come to pass.

THEY WILL LUMER!

Two Million to be Cut in Greenville This Winter.

The Redington Lumber Co. have concluded the contract for lumbering in Greenville Plantation. Isaac W. Greene will cut and yard and Hon. John R. Toothaker will wagon the lumber to the railroad. Two million will be cut.

Thanksgiving

Is a day famous for its

✱ ✱ ✱ **Feast of Good Things.** ✱ ✱ ✱

Inasmuch as everyone likes a well-prepared, daintily-served and thoroughly satisfying repast, we invite you to a perusal of the

Thanksgiving Number of Rangeley Lakes.

We shall endeavor to have it combine all the above-mentioned qualities, and trust that each and every one will find it seasoned to his or her taste. While we especially invite you to our Thanksgiving day spread, if you will send us one dollar for a year's subscription, we will guarantee you

✱ ✱ ✱ **A Square Meal** ✱ ✱ ✱

Every week in the year. Now we should like to have you enjoy our Thanksgiving feast, and many yet to come, therefore we make the following

✱ ✱ **SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.** ✱ ✱

All who send us one dollar within the next week will receive **RANGELEY LAKES** from Thanksgiving, 1895, to January 1st, 1897. If **YOU** are not on our list, please take this as a special invitation to subscribe and send us a dollar without delay.

PEARL POND.

And the Curious Mounds in West Phillips—Another Voice in the Matter.

To the Editors of Rangeley Lakes:

RANGELEY LAKES—which is usually correct, never dull—is for once, I think, a little in error in regard to Pearl Pond. What "is locally known" as Pearl Pond is on the land of Hon. Frank Jones, about one half-mile N. N. W. from "the old Pearl place" from which it derives its name. This old "place," once a farm, was occupied many years ago by a man named Pearl, and is on the old "mill-road" near where Hannibal Smith now lives in No. 6. "The Major," and G. W. E. of Denver, Col., will I think, both substantiate this statement. The pond mentioned by RANGELEY LAKES, above Lufkin Pond, is hereabouts known as Stetson Pond. Pearl Pond is but a few rods westerly of where the town line between Phillips and No. 6 is supposed to be.

The reference to the mounds in West Phillips suggests the mention of a theory which the present writer has always thought correct: that these mounds either slid or else drifted into their present place. Recent examination of the largest shows the soil underneath to be precisely like that of the adjoining intervalle! How the everlasting Ego "bobs up serenely"—as in the present instance—when it finds some of its pet notions confirmed! But alas! This may also suggest hard work by prehistoric men, and one might naturally ask—Why did not the large stone on the apex of the largest mound topple over when the mound slid?

On further consideration, perhaps it is better to stick to "the drift period!"

D. F. H.

[Note: The writer of the item in question received his information, as to the name of the pond, from one "to the manor born" and also from a former "town father." "Mud" and "Stetson" were mentioned as the names of ponds in the vicinity, but it was decided that this must be Pearl. However, since the name was

only given in recognition of a person of that name and not from the real beauty, Stetson pond will be accepted as the correct name. The pond is shaped much like a pear and perhaps future geographers will name it Pear pond, it would then only have to drop the final letter from the pearl it is.

About the West Phillips mounds, and the similar soil to that in its immediate vicinity, would it not in any case be the same? If natural, having been left in the present form by the receding waters, or brought there by a land-slide from the surrounding hills. If the work of the mound builder the soil would more likely be the same. If from the former reasons, the "large stone on the apex" might at the time have been many feet under the soil, and have been brought to the surface by natural changes. Still a look at the interior of either of them might be interesting.—Ed.]

WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER

For Three Days.—A Former Rangeley Boy's Shocking Experience Off the Alaskan Coast.

We are glad to report that the rumor, which has been current for the past few days, that Victor Nile was drowned off the Alaskan coast is incorrect. A letter from the young man to his family states that he is alive and well, though he has just passed through a perilous experience. He was on board a lumber steamer which was wrecked off the Alaskan coast. The crew were fortunate enough to reach an island, but for three days they were compelled to remain there without food or water. On the morning of the fourth day, when they were almost exhausted from hunger, thirst and the fierce heat, a rescue party sighted them and took them to civilization.

Redington Notes.

John Donovan created a disturbance Monday, and Tuesday morning was paid off and discharged, and orders given to all the camps not to give him employment. Later Deputy Esty, from Rangeley, arrived and took him to Phillips for trial.

SIXTY YEARS AGO.

Pen Pictures of the Days of Auld Lang Syne in Rangeley.

Sixty years ago, Rangeley had at least one Revolutionary soldier among its inhabitants. He was the father of Ezra and Timothy Tibbetts, and, with his wife, lived with Ezra near the northeastern extremity of the settlement. Among his souvenirs of the War of Independence was a horn tinder-box, which he carried in the army. His nearest neighbors were the Pearys, the Abbotts, and James Brackett. North of there was the Bubier colony. Of the people of the Tibbetts neighborhood 58 years ago, probably Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Tibbetts are the only survivors.

* * *

Ezra and Timothy Tibbetts married daughters of Deacon Luther Hoar, the pioneer settler. Ezra afterwards lived near the lake shore, about two miles southerly from the present village. Afterward he lived at the outlet of Dodge pond, and still later near his previous home on the lake shore. He set out to make a farm on the shore of a stream which crossed the highway about a mile west of the "city." He was an excellent shoemaker, and said he was going to have a "shop run by water." He little dreamed that water and steam would soon supplant the peripatetic artist in leather going from house to house to renew the foot-gear of men and boys.

* * *

Ezra was also the best penman and the most musical member of the community. He could make the fife or the flute whistle like a bird, or in default of these instruments, he could sing for the boys and girls to dance on rare occasions. And he could tell a story and crack a joke with the best of his neighbors. He was bent almost double, but he retained his cheerfulness and he liked to keep a good horse and teach it to perform many tricks of intelligence.

* * *

The fine farm of Luther Nile was largely a wilderness fifty-eight years ago. Joseph Hoar, who first occupied it, then lived in a log house about half a mile up the hill east from the "city" on the old road to Phillips. He was the eldest son of Luther Hoar and the father of Mr. Nile. He was a man of great industry and energy, and, like most of his family, respected and beloved. Next above him on the hill lived his brother John, who later became the neighbor of Joseph on the new road. A little farther east were the Ellises and still farther Uncle Ned Lowell, whose log cabin was the last house between Rangeley and Madrid.

* * *

The first resident on the southerly shore of the lake was Daniel Hoar. After him came Capt. Ben Soule, Uncle Atkins, Edward Mardin and Lyman Haines. But earlier than most of these were Elder Cushman and son, who, according to the Elder, "worked like dogs and lived like kings." The elder was a veteran schoolmaster and a descendant of Elder Cushman of Plymouth Colony. He did not stay long at the lakes and died, I think, in Avon, the town next below Phillips, whence Luther Hoar emigrated, and where Bishop Joshua Soule lived in his boyhood. Z. T. H., in Lewiston Journal.

PHILLIPS LOCALS.

Mrs. J. W. Carlton is quite ill.
Frank Chick, of Madrid, was in town Friday.

Elmer Voter was out partridge hunting Thursday.

S. G. Haley went to Redington, Friday, on business.

W. H. McKeen came out from Rangeley Saturday.

Good apples are quickly picked up when brought to town.

John Z. Everett was confined to the house from illness, last week.

Moses W. Harden is not yet able to take charge of his shop.

Fred Fairbanks is recovering steadily from that shooting accident.

Isaac A. Smith, of Madrid, was in attendance at the ball Friday night.

The warm weather and rains have made the roads very unpleasant for travel.

Clifford Plaisted has moved his family into the Worthley house on Main St.

A local society is trying to discover where a "social" ends and a "dance" begins.

Chas. Allen thinks he will not be able to go on the train again before the last of this week.

Will Whitney has gone to work on the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad as fireman.

Mrs. R. F. Cook, of Madrid, visited her sister, Mrs. Villa Harden, on her return from Massachusetts.

Pleasant Valley mill was run a few days last week, the first time since last spring. The stream furnishing the power was never known to be so low as during this summer.

Edgar R. Toothaker opened his new store, formerly occupied by his uncle David, on Monday. Things were spick, span, new and bright and the opening was a decided success.

The dance at Grange Hall, last Wednesday evening, was largely attended, and all had a fine evening. The music was furnished by Ether Smith, violin, and Mrs. Wm. B. Butler, organ.

Bob McMullen is conductor on the gravel train which is working on the fill at Strong trestle. He informed a superior, recently, that he was not a "hostler," when told to get his train out earlier.

An improvement in the feeling as regard the future outlook of the town is already seen, owing to the surety of the location of Austin & Co's. Spool mill in town. Houses and house lots that were for sale are not being urged on would-be purchasers.

James Smith, Esq., who is operating the Howland stone quarry in Avon, furnishing material for the stone work of the Strong trestle, got out 75 car-loads last week. In two days he shipped 32 loads. He has a dozen men at work. Walter Howland hauls them from the quarry to the railroad.

It is thought that the fill at the Strong trestle will be filled by the middle of December. About 100 men are at work on it. Railroad men say that for a broad gauge, the top of the fill should be from 12 to 14 feet wide. As this is only to be 7 ft. the hopes that the Maine Central will to run over it are somewhat shattered. More's the pity.

From "over on the Weld road" come reports that the talk of a narrow gauge road from Dixfield to Phillips, via Weld, is being once more discussed. Such a road would be of great benefit to Phillips, while to Weld it could hardly fail to be the making of an entirely new town. The twelve miles from Dixfield would cost but little to grade and from Weld to Phillips there would be no heavy cuts or fills. Let us have the road. What say you citizens of Weld? The columns of RANGELEY LAKES are open for your opinions, and we will be pleased to hear from you.

Mrs. H. J. Hiscock is visiting in Wilton.

The village schools close a week from Friday.

Mrs. Mary Field, of Boston, has been in town the past week.

Chas. Hamlin's little boy has been seriously ill the past week.

A. M. Greenwood is fitting up a new showcase for Christmas goods.

Martin Kelly, Esq., returned Monday, from a visit with cousins at Belfast.

The Chatauquan Magazine has been added to the Public Library's list of periodicals.

Miss Carrie H. Soule is just back from an extended visit with her brother in Portland.

The Sandy River R. R. Co., is using all its engines, and as a consequence the repair shop is empty.

Mrs. Stella Dunham, of Redington, is visiting her parents during the absence of her husband, who has been called to his father's home by the serious illness of a young brother.

North Franklin Grange is to have a Hulled Corn Supper at their hall on Friday evening, Nov. 22, from 6 to 8 o'clock. After that there will be a dance for which good music has been secured.

The Christmas entertainment this year will be given by the Union Sunday School. The committee of arrangements are: Mrs. Greenwood and Misses. Ella Toothaker, Cora Wheeler, May Fultz and Daisy Dill.

Alonzo Corbett has not yet made his appearance. It may be that he has gone to take "Jim's" place in that grand fiasco billed for El Paso. By the way, wouldn't the two incidents occupy about the same position?

There was a small attendance at the special town meeting Saturday afternoon. J. W. Brackett was elected moderator and the vote to exempt from taxation for a term of ten years the lumber and spool stock of H. B. Austin & Co., was passed with out the slightest opposition.

The "Raffle" ball at Bates' Hall, Friday, was exceedingly well patronized. Prof. Geo. F. Towle always draws, not only the bow, but a crowd, and a nice evening was enjoyed. The "raffle" part was a three-years-old colt (no guarantee as to soundness) however. This colt was divided into ninety parts, each part entitling the holder to a ticket to the dance and costing from one to ninety cents according as the purchaser drew his ticket. At intermission ninety numbers were placed in the hat and one drawn. Number thirty-two was the lucky one and Editor James W. Brackett was the lucky (?) man. Selectman Beal helped the winner out of his nightmare (the horse was delivered at the hour of midnight) by buying the colt for a tenner.

Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Nickerson gave their post-nuptial reception at their residence on Congress street, Wednesday evening. The home was handsomely decorated for the occasion with a profusion of evergreen, trailing vines and pinks. Dr. and Mrs. Nickerson were assisted in receiving by Maj. and Mrs. A. A. Nickerson, the parents of the groom, and Mr. Wait. The bride wore a beautiful gown of light blue silk and carried pink roses. Mme. Nickerson wore a rich black silk combined with gray silk and black lace. Mrs. Wall and Miss Wait presided at the punch table in the parlor. In the dining room Mrs. Harry Merrell in white silk and yellow, and Mrs. Frank Allen, who wore her wedding gown of white silk, were assisted in serving by the Misses Rogers.—*Portland Advertiser*.

It was in Gardiner that a tearful husband brought in his wife's coffin plate for framing. He did not call for the frame for a few months, then he appeared with the wedding certificate of his recent marriage and wished it substituted for the plate.

R. F. & R. L. R. R.

Railroad Commissioners and Others Make a Tour of Inspection.

Railroad Commissioners Chadbourne and Danforth went over the Portland & Rumford Falls and the Rumford Falls & Rangeley Lakes railroad Thursday on a tour of inspection.

They were accompanied by a large party of railroad men and business men from Lewiston, Portland, Bath and other places, among them being W. H. Newell, esq., Cyrus Greeley, C. I. Barker, Col. A. B. Nealey of Lewiston, William Young of the Elm House, Auburn, Galen C. Moses and his son, Gilbert Moses, of Bath, Edward Plummer and his son of Lisbon and Waldo Pettingill of Rumford Falls.

The members of the party gathered at Poland Springs junction on the regular train, and there went aboard a special. Many stops were made on the Portland and Rumford Falls road, that the commissioners might inspect the bridges and the general condition of the road.

At Rumford Falls the inspection ended, but as the Rangeley Lake officials had invited the party to look at its road the train went on to Houghton's. Here the party got on to platform cars and went as far as the rails of the new road are laid.

Those who had never been in there before were much surprised at the appearance of the country and its resources. At one point on the road birches extend as far as one can see, and hundreds of them will be made into spools every year now that there are facilities for getting the product to the market.

Beyond is a big region where spruce grows in abundance.

Twitchell & Blanchard have built a spur line into this section and they run trains of 30 cars or more loaded with spruce logs which will be made into pulp.

In the birch section toothpicks are made as well as spools. The best birch is used for toothpicks.

For culverts and other abutments on the new road good granite is being obtained from the big boulders found along the route.

The travelers took dinner on the special train when they got back from the novel ride on the upper end of the new road and the special took them back to Rumford Falls and they came down the line from there on the regular train.

Sandy River Plantation.

Business about Long Pond is booming.

O. W. Russell's cottage is completed.

Geo. H. Moores is building a boat house and hay shed for C. E. Parker at Camp Winona.

Joel Wells, of Madrid, has bought a lot and will put up a cottage in the spring.

Chester Whitney, of Phillips, and his son-in-law, Ed. Drake, of Augusta, are to select a lot soon and put up a house in the spring.

The Moores are to build three cottages to rent, next season. They are a go-ahead pair and at this rate will, before another fall, have their farm cut up into lots and sold. They took the right course, in the start, made a reasonable price on their lots and they went with a rush.

Coptin.

The Post Office at this place has been discontinued till May 15 1896. It causes much grumbling among the former patrons as they now have to go several miles further for their mail. The reason given, for discontinuance, is that the Government would not pay a reasonable sum for transportation of the mails.

The road from Dead River Station to Stratton is very muddy, the heavy teams have cut it up badly.

How the deer would flock to Knox county if they could only read that notice that for the next four years no deer may be killed within that county's limits!

Redington Notes.

Five camps are in operation.

Leon Emerson and family are at Phillips.

A party of three walked into Rangeley the other day.

They have to turn on the electrics very early these days.

Fresh arrivals for the logging camps nearly every day.

H. A. Davis and family have gone to South Gardiner, Me.

The electric lights make the mill look as if work was going on.

Jerry Wilbur and wife went out to their home in Phillips, Thursday.

Most of the workmen in the mill will visit their homes during the shut-down.

Supplies are being shipped to different points along the road, for the logging camps.

Sheriff Esty, of Rangeley, was in town Tuesday to look after Monday night's disturbers of the peace.

Arrangements for building logging camps in Greenville are being made. The side track near Dead River will not be built this fall.

Seth Young and wife left Thursday for Lewiston where they will pass a portion of the time the mill is shut down. Mr. Young will attend the Camel Feast of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine.

Those New Books.

The following list of books, forty-seven in number, have been added to the shelves of the Free Public Library at Phillips:

Four of the books, The Deemster, Little Women, Winning His Way, and Young Moose Hunters, replace books that have been worn out in circulation.

Johnson's Cyclopaedia, in fifteen volumes, and Larned's Cyclopaedia of Ready Reference, in five volumes, have been ordered and will soon be placed on the shelves.

FICTION.

The Deemster,	Hall Caine.
The Princess Aline,	Richard Harding Davis.
Gallegher and Other Stories,	Do.
Round the Red Lamp,	A. Conan Doyle.
Soldiers Three, The Gadsbys,	Rudyard Kipling.
In Days of Auld Lang Syne,	Ian MacLaren.
My Lady Nobody,	Maarten Maartens.
Against Human Nature,	M. L. Poole.
Story of Bessie Costrell,	Mrs. Humphrey Ward.
A Singular Life,	Mrs. Phelps-Ward.
Under The Red Robe,	Stanley J. Weyman.
The Coming of Theodora,	Eliza Orne White.
The Village Watch Tower,	Kate D. Wiggin.
Princeton Stories,	Jesse L. Williams.
The Master,	I. Zangwill.
Children of the Ghetto,	Do.

JUVENILE FICTION.

Little Women,	L. M. Alcott.
New Robinson Crusoe,	W. L. Alden.
The Cruise of the Ghost,	Do.
Moral Pirates,	Do.
Cruise of the Canoe Club,	Do.
Two Little Pilgrim's Progress,	F. H. Burnett.
Winning His Way,	Coffin.
Brownies Through the Union,	Palmer Cox.
Oakleigh,	Ellen D. Deland.
The Coral Ship,	Kirk Munroe.
Under Orders,	Do.
Prince Dusty,	Do.
Snowshoes and Sledges,	Do.
Jimmy Boy,	Sophie May.
Olivia,	Mrs. Molesworth.
Young Moose Hunters,	C. A. Stephens.
Among the Lakes,	W. O. Stoddard.
Winter Fun,	Do.

BIOGRAPHY.

Nelson,	W. Clark Russell.
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HISTORY.

Brook Farm,	Codman.
Customs and Fashions of Old New England,	Earle.

OUT OF DOOR.

According to Season,	Dana.
History of Mount Mica,	Hamlin.

ESSAYS.

Brown Studies,	Hepworth.
Choice of Books,	Richardson.
Lamps and Paths,	Munger.
Side Talks With Girls,	Ruth Ashmore.
Literature of the Age of Elizabeth,	E. P. Whipple.
Homes and Haunts of British Poets,	Wm. Howitt.
Victorian Poets,	Stedman.
Initial Studies in American Literature,	Beere.

A Cosy Corner for the Ladies.

TEACHING CHILDREN TO BE HELPFUL.

We are so often told that children are a great care, that if we do not believe it true it is because our faith in human nature still survives, and mine does. I am willing to admit that in a certain sense little folks are a care. Food, clothing and shelter are necessities and must be provided, but as they are universal wants, have been since the advent of Cain and Abel, and will be so long as the race shall exist, it is a little late to blame children for requiring them. "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," holds equally good in the case of the young, and whether a child grows up a comfort or a torment depends much in its training, though allowance must be made for disposition. The first baby is such a wonderful personage at least to its own family, that he is not obliged to cry twice for anything before it is his. Does any wise friend suggest that this is bad for baby, the cold shoulder is turned upon him and he is out of the good graces of father and mother at once. But by and by when the dear child is not such a novelty and when perhaps papa's ardor is somewhat cooled in mid-night promenades with the small tyrant, the fond parents realize their folly. Mamma is kept a prisoner in the evenings because baby cannot go with her, and when guests are present unless he is the center of attraction there is trouble at once, and so on indefinitely. The child sleeps when he should be awake and is wide awake when his exhausted nurses would like to sleep. Fortunate are the parents who can turn to the right about at this stage and teach their child that he is not the only one in the world. In happy contrast is the little one who from the time that it is old enough to ask in baby fashion for things, is given only what is best for it. Children will cry for the moon but it is unattainable, and many articles in the house should be in the same position when baby wishes for them. Soon he is old enough to pick up his playthings when he drops them instead of being waited on, and before a child is two years old it can be taught to put playthings away in whatever is used to hold them, and thus take his first lesson in helping others. Unless you make it a task he will never think it so. Most children are born helpers and what mother worthy of the name, does not remember lovingly when tiny hands first began their usefulness. Bringing something that was needed, setting dishes on the table and soon coming to wash and wipe them, the months and years roll round and you have a little woman in place of your baby and would you call her a care? Mothers sometimes err through mistaken kindness and do everything in preference to allowing a child to help because "there will be time enough for work in the years to come." But who can so well teach children as the parents, and how poorly fitted will be the girl or boy who has never learned to lend a hand while at home, to go out into the world and work for themselves or for others.

FAVORITE JOHNNY CAKE.

1 cup corn meal, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoonful soda, 2 teaspoonfuls cream tartar, a little salt, 1 table spoonful sugar. Mix thoroughly, add 1 cup sweet milk melted butter the size of an egg, 1 egg well beaten.

MISS ANNIE TIMBERLAKE.

Phillips.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.

Put one quart of milk on the stove and scald. Stir into this six rounding tablespoonfuls of meal wet in cold water, and continue to stir till the meal is well scalded. Then take from the stove and add $\frac{1}{2}$ cups molasses, 2 eggs, 1 cup cold water 1 quart of cold milk, a little salt,

and butter the size of an egg. Bake one hour in a moderate oven.

MRS. GEORGE WINTER.

Kingfield.

Doughnuts are sometimes thought to be too rich, and people who would like to eat them are unable to do so; on this account raised doughnuts are more healthful perhaps, and the following rule is much like the old-fashioned kind our grandmothers used to make:

MOTHER'S RAISED DOUGHNUTS.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup of yeast, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of new milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls of molasses, butter size of a small walnut, 1 large egg. Make a dough as stiff as for raised biscuit and let stand till very light; add a very small pinch of saleratus dissolved in a little milk, let rise again, and fry. It is needless to add that these should be cut in strips and twisted, in order to have the old-time flavor. Mrs. M. A. COLBY.

Salem, Mass.

ECOLE CAKES.

Into $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups of flour knead $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of butter and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of lard. Mix this with 1 cup of cold water and a little salt. Roll very thin. Then spread over this 1 cup of seeded and chopped raisins mixed with sugar. Fold and cut like biscuit. Bake in a moderate oven.

Kingfield. MRS. GEORGE WINTER.

In repairing or altering cotton clothing it is vexatious to find that the machine stitching has shrunk, drawing the seams, hems and etc. into puckers. The teacher of dressmaking in one of the largest educational institutions in the country, teaches her pupils to overcome this by soaking the spool of thread overnight in a glass of water, and then standing it where it will dry, and so be ready for use. She also says to oil colored thread thoroughly with machine oil to make it stronger, and have it work easier. Try both of these ways and see if you are not pleased with the result.

WORKING DRESSES.

The best material for working dresses is a question of moment for every house-keeper. A few years ago it would have been an easy matter to decide this question, when the only choice lay between gingham and cotton, but there has been such an improvement in materials in the last decade, and there are now so many excellent woollen materials which may be easily laundred that there is no excuse for a woman shivering in a cotton working dress in winter. Probably the best choice for substantial wear and warmth in the cold season is an American flannel. These flannels should be well sponged and shrunk before being made up. After this they will not shrink perceptibly if they are properly washed and ironed, and they may be laundred frequently. These domestic flannels come in all varieties of color, our American manufacturers being tempted by competition to imitate the ultra colors of French goods, but with comparatively poor success. It is always safer to choose a mixed gray or brown in these goods rather than any more striking color. Such dresses, worn with a white apron and brightened by a dainty ribbon at the neck, or finished with a neat collar and pin, make a serviceable and refined costume for working hours. Blue flannels are desirable, when they do not creak, as they are very apt to do in the cheaper grades of goods. Dark green is sometimes, though not so often, subject to the same objection. It is wise to test these colors by rubbing a cambric handkerchief, slightly moistened, over the surface of the goods to see if the color comes out. A mixed goods is not so likely to show dirt as a plain color. Dark green and dark blue are the best dark shades, when their color is fast. It is not advisable to purchase a flannel at whatever attractive price which has not been shorn of the nap so that it will not grow rough with wear. The best domestic flannels and all shorn of the nap, or cloth-finished. The best pattern for a working dress is a plain, moderately full skirt, with a deep hem, or

two or three narrow ruffles at the bottom—a plain, round waist worn with a leather belt, or a bodice of the dress material pointed in front and hooked with hooks at the back.

CLEANLINESS IN THE LAUNDRY.

The matter of cleanliness in all departments of the family laundry is one which must not be overlooked. All of the tubs, when their round of duty for the week is ended, should be washed out with hot water, then rinsed with cold, wiped dry and also artificially dried, so that there shall be no tendency to mould or decay, which would not only shorten their own term of usefulness, but would endanger the clothes which should be placed in them. The clothesline and the pins should be scrupulously clean, else some of the "hard work" of washing day may have to be done over next time, to the disgust and mortification of all concerned. In fact, there is no direction in which the "eternal vigilance" may be relaxed. After all, it costs little more, practically nothing more in the way of added toil, if only the habit and instinct of care and neatness be inculcated and exercised; the comparative degree of satisfaction which results, to the sensitive housewife, cannot be measured.

There should also be kept on hand in the laundry a good supply of that brand of soap which may have become a favorite, borax, pearline, kerosene, turpentine, chloride of lime, bluing, starch, and whatever may be used in the various processes. All of these are of permanent character, most of them can be bought much more cheaply in considerable quantities, and care should be taken that they are never allowed to "run out," so that at the moment when needed the closet in which they are kept shall be found in the condition of that "cupboard" to which Old Mother Hubbard once made a vain pilgrimage.—*Good Housekeeping.*

THE BANANA TREE.

Its Many Uses In the World of Commerce and Manufacture.

In the West Indies the dried leaves and prepared portions of the stem of the banana tree are used as packing materials. Fresh leaves are used to shade young coffee or cacao seedlings in nursery beds and to cover cacao beans during fermentation. The young unopened leaves are so smooth and soft that they are used as "dressing" for blisters. In India the dried stalk of the plantain leaf is used as a rough kind of twine, and the larger parts are made into small boxes for holding snuff, drugs, etc.

In the Malay peninsula the ash of the leaf and leaf stalk is used instead of soap or fuller's earth in washing clothes, and a solution of the ash is often used as salt in cooking. In the Dutch Indies the skin of the plantain is used for blackening shoes. The juice which flows from all out parts of the banana is rich in tannin and of so blackening a nature that it may be used as an indelible marking ink. In Java the leaves of the "wax banana" are covered on the underside with a white powder which yields a valuable wax, clear, hard and whitish, forming an important article of trade. The ashes of the leaves, stem and fruit rind are employed in Bengal in many dyeing processes. In Siam a cigarette wrapper is made from the leaves.

Fiber is got from the stems of many kinds of bananas. The most valuable is the "manilla hemp" of commerce, which holds the chief place for making white ropes and cordage. Old ropes made of it form an excellent paper making material, much used in the United States for stout packing papers. The manilla hemp industry is a large one. About 50,000 tons of fiber, valued at £3,000,000, are annually exported from the Philippine islands. The manilla hemp plant is grown exclusively in the southeastern part of the Philippines, and all attempts to grow it elsewhere have failed. Many articles are made from manilla hemp—mats, cords, hats, plaited work, lace handkerchiefs of the finest texture and various qualities of paper. At Wohlau, in Switzerland, an industry has been started for making lace and materials for ladies' hats from it. By a simple process it is made into straw exactly resembling the finest wheat straw for plaiting.—*London Spectator.*

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I can sell parties who are desirous of locating in California, Real Estate in any quantity from 5 to 1000 or more acres, situated in, what I consider the best part of California, from 20 to 50 miles from the ocean, just brought into the market by the Coast Line R. R. from San Francisco to Los Angeles. I do not urge people to leave Maine, but if any are coming here, I can help them to land at from \$5 to \$50 per acre, as good as can be bought in other parts of the state; for \$400 per acre. Climate fine. Well wooded, pine and oak. Good water. This is the best chance for a poor man to get land and make a start of any place I have seen in this state. For particulars write or call on me.

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RANGELEY, ME., THURSDAY, NOV. 21, 1895.

STATE OF MAINE.

By Henry B. Cleaves, Governor,

A PROCLAMATION.

The annual harvest has been gathered. The year that is rapidly drawing to a close, has brought to the people of our beloved State, a large measure of prosperity. Peace, good order, contentment and happiness prevail within our vast domain. God has crowned the year with His blessings and favors, and with the overflowing riches of His grace and mercy. Therefore,

Thursday, the 28th day of November,

in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five, is hereby designated, with the advice of the Executive Council, as a day of public

THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

Refraining from ordinary vocations, may all the people of our Christian Commonwealth, in their homes and in places dedicated to public worship, render tributes of praise and gratitude for the many manifestations of God's goodness.

And amid our songs of praise, let our thankfulness be evinced by some substantial expression of sympathy for the poor, the unfortunate and afflicted.

Given at the Executive Chamber at Augusta, this eleventh day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five, and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and twentieth.

HENRY B. CLEAVES.

By the Governor.

NICHOLAS FESSENDEN, Secretary of State.

The End of the World.

"This is the last year of uncontrolled existence of this earth, next year will see the second advent, and the year 1897 will see the end." Thus say two "evangelists" preaching in Oakland, California. These two were unknown to each other till they met in Oakland. They are totally unlike. They arrive at the same conclusions by entirely different methods, but "figgers won't lie," though the manipulators of them may. It is too bad just as Rangeley is preparing for the greatest boom on record, for men, way out in California, to come forward and upset the whole thing, and the world to boot, it's a shame. Why couldn't they put it off a few years and let us get Rangeley, and this whole region, in better shape. If we could only induce them to come here, previous to the final destruction, they might see in this "Sportsmen's Paradise" just the kind of a Paradise they are looking for, and decide to put off the awful event. "And the year 1897 will see the end." Brothers Young and Allen fail to fix the date any closer than that. They have a leeway of three hundred and sixty-five and one-

fourth days (they will in all probability need it). Why not give the day and hour and not have a string hitched on to pull if the old thing fails to work? How would 12 o'clock, noon, March 4, 1897, answer? Seems as though there would be more chance for the end about that time. Any way we won't advise the people to begin on their "ascension robes" just yet. Wait for warmer weather.

'TWIXT YOU AND ME.

Bar Harbor does not seem inclined to harbor the bar.

Now that the last visitor has gone and there is no longer any profit in rum selling, the Bar Harbor purveyors of the prohibited decide to heed the law and close their saloons.

Rum and carelessness tells the story of another Maine tragedy in which a human life was the forfeit.—Bangor News.

Either is bad enough, but the two combined are enough to accomplish any horror.

The Greenwood physician who heard a hunter's bullet whistle past his head and through the windows of his covered carriage a few days ago while he was making his professional rounds, concludes that on the whole, careless gunners are not a desirable aid to his business.

If it is profitable to catch skunks for skunk farms, we cannot see why the State need place a bounty on these animals, as, it is said, the next Legislature will be asked to do.—Kennebec Journal.

Don't place it on the animal, but rather give the bounty to the skunk farms and encourage home industry in those who have the instinct to follow the business.

The sexton at Brooks has a box containing 142 little snakes of all colors that were found in one nest at the graveyard. They were of the size of big angle worms and upwards. Cremation is likely to become popular in that town.—Exchange.

Investigation would probably show that the inhabitant of that particular grave died of delirium tremens.

Let's compare estimates. A short time ago some would-be authority estimated that 50,000 gunners were in the Maine woods. Now it is estimated that nearly 5000 deer will be taken out this season. How many of the hunters were successful, allowing two deer to each?—Kennebec Journal.

I wouldn't care to tell for fear the other 47,500 might think it was too dear for them.

Iowa school directors recently excluded the works of Dickens from the public library on the ground that they are immoral. And now it remains to be seen if the patrons of the public library do not exclude the school directors.

That Rockland woman who sold her husband's gold-plated false teeth to a junk dealer, played a grin joke on the poor man.

"When the Rangeley region becomes popular there is great danger that the forests will come down, hotels go up, and that the deer and game generally will be slaughtered or driven off, and fashion will reign. This is pessimistic view, but it is judging by precedent." This was found in an old scrap book. Certain portions of it seem to be coming true, but the "great danger" of driving the deer out has not yet come to pass.

One of the most attractive circulars I've seen in many a day is the folder setting forth the advantages of the Paul Steam System, of Boston. The circular is printed on heavy paper made to resemble the "hand made" paper of former days. The type is the old block-letter text, set off by illuminated lines and borders in red. The whole effect is strikingly unique and is a credit to its designer, Mr. F. I. Maule of 328 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, who, by the way, is an old frequenter of the Rangeleys.

The Kennebec Region

HAS ALWAYS OFFERED

MORE ATTRACTIONS TO HUNTERS THAN
ANY PORTION OF MAINE.

This Season the Hunting
Is As Good As Ever!

Come to the Kennebec Lake House if You Want the Best.

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May 15th to Jan. 1.

Best Fall Hunting

IN THE RANGELEY REGION!

These Camps are new and warm, easy of access, and in good hunting territory. Visitors will be assured of good sport for either large or small game.

Quimby Lake is a beautiful spot, but six miles from Rangeley, with a good road direct to the camps, no tiresome buckboarding. Round Pond, Dodge Pond, and the Kennebec Stream, all famous Hunting Grounds, are but two miles distant.

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FOREST CAMPS, LOON LAKE, RANGELEY, MAINE.

MOOSE,
CARIBOU,
DEER,
AND
BIRD
SHOOTING.

THE
HOME
OF
THE
GAMEST
TROUT.

LOON LAKE, situated five miles from Rangeley, on the Kennebec road, is one of the best sporting resorts in Maine, and at the same time the surroundings and provisions for the comfort of guests make it exceptionally popular with parties who wish to take their families from the city during the hot weather. Mail is received at Forest Camps, daily. Our guests have the advantage of a good carriage road for three miles of the distance from Rangeley Village to our camps. Those who would enjoy the walk for a part of the distance over the road through the woods can take a carriage at Rangeley for the first three miles and enjoy that recreation for the last two. Boats and Guides furnished. Open from May 1st to Jan. 1st. For terms address, R. S. YORK, Rangeley.

R. S. YORK & J. F. OAKES, Proprietors.

Mr. F. A. Brooks, of Boston, who has been staying in Rangeley for the past few weeks, gives me the following original recipe for "Superior Wedding Cake:"

Devotion, five pounds; extract of faithfulness, three pounds; heartfelt satisfaction, four quarts; prudence and good nature, of each one pound; confidence and mutual forbearance, two pounds; gentleness and modesty, each eight ounces; matrimonial fidelity, two pounds; enjoyment, three quarts; patience, industry and economy, each one pound; wisdom and experience, fifteen ounces; discretion and benevolence, nine ounces; spice of sweetness, four ounces; essence of purity, two ounces; seeds of virtue, two pounds; sweetness of disposition, seven pints; balm of 1000 ills, one quart; cream of excellence, five pints; milk of human kindness, one gallon; common sense, 100 grains. Mix thoroughly with cheerfulness; pour into the golden bowl of domestic happiness, lubricated with oil of gladness, and bake in the oven of double blessedness, heated by the fire of true love.

An interesting bit of history goes with the above. A friend of Mr. Brooks complained of having poor success with a wedding cake she was making, whereupon Mr. Brooks volunteered to write her a recipe that wouldn't fail, and composed the foregoing.

In the little town of Berea, Ky., the town hog is the bone of contention. The present board of trustees is opposed to

abridging his liberties and wish to leave him with full privilege to root up gardens and front yards. An opposition board has been nominated, and the fight waxed hot. The hog men have selected a rooting hog as their emblem, and the other side has chosen the picture of George Washington. Women and children are taking a part, and a warm time is expected at the election.

Why George should be selected as the emblem of the anti-hog faction is obscure. He was reported to be more destructive to cherry trees than his porkship.

It has come to such a pass in Biddeford that you're sued for libel merely for calling a man a liar—although the Holy Writ declares that all men are liars!—Lewiston Journal.

Oh, no, it doesn't. It says: "I said in my haste, All men are liars," showing an evident intention on the part of David to apologize for a statement made in the rush and hurry of going to press the night before.—Biddeford Journal.

When the Lewiston and Biddeford papers get into a discussion over the interpretation of the Scriptures, it is time to call a halt in the affairs of all creation until the momentous question is settled.—Bangor News.

But to think of Bangor in the attitude of umpire in a scriptural war of words!

The rains have made it easier for the saw-mill.

With the Sportsmen.

Kennebago Lake, i. e., Long Water Place.

In that dim heretofore of years untold,
On Kennebago Lake,—“Long Water Place,”
Now rose, now silver, now a sea of gold,
Man cast the image of a swarthy face.
Long ere the pines upon thy rocky strand
Whose trailing beards our reverence might
win,
Told by their slaughter, of the pale face hand,
Naught marred thy mosses, save the moc-
casin.
O'er the soft carpet of thy fir clad hills,
Through wild morass, or timber choked
ravine,
Voiceless the forest, save her tinkling rills,
A happy hunting ground was this, I ween.
Here the Aben-aquis roamed at will,
Launched his frail birch upon thy waters
blue,
Whose crystal depths repaid the fishers' skill,
And forests wild gave moose and caribou.
Within some sheltered nook his wigwam stood,
Thence he returned well laden from the
chase,
Reared in content, his skin clad dusky brood
Long e're the red, looked, on the white man's
face.
Now through lapse of years we backward look,
In vain upon thy shores for any trace,
Of the Aben-aquis; 'tis a sealed book,
This red man's fitting from the ruling race.
But thou, O Kennebago, still art fair,
Around thy shores the everlasting hills,
Yet wave their fir plumes in the balmy air.
Unhushed the music of those sparkling rills.
On the fair mirror of thy silver sheen
Again we note, each cloud swept mountain
crest,
All glorious as through rising mist, day's queen
Sets forth in purple for the golden West.
O, Kennebago, in thy matchless grace
Long loved, Long Water, of the Aben-aquis,
None of thy sisters may usurp thy place
Of all the lakes, thou fairest sylvan sea.
F. I. MAULE.
Phila., Aug. 1, '92.

Two-pound smelts reported down Bel-
fast way.—*Kennebec Journal*.
And yet they accuse us of telling fish lies!

A white moose was shot by Mr. Sargent
in Grafton, on the north of Saddleback
mountain, near Bethel, Tuesday. When
dressed it weighed 651 pounds. It was the
first of the color ever known to exist in
Maine.

A Lewiston naturalist thus describes
what he saw the other day of a salmon's
spawning operations: She whirled her
tail briskly over the sandy bottom of the
stream, fanning a little circle such as a
boy might make in play. All the while a
big male salmon balanced himself near by,
keeping away intruders. Smaller salmon
and trout were continually flitting past
on their way up the stream. Whenever a
school of them came along the big salmon
would dart upon the group and “butt”
with his nose. Several times he threw
fish fairly out of the water.

While deer and moose have been shot in
greater numbers than ever in Maine this
year, old hunters say that caribou are
fewer than they have been for several sea-
sons, and for a certainty not many have
been brought to town. But the caribou is
a restless creature, moving about all the
time. One season he is over in New Bruns-
wick and the next in Maine. Perhaps this
is his New Brunswick season. It may be
that in years past especially in 1894, 1893,
1892, and as far back as 1889, the continual
use of hounds frightened them away. A
dog will do more to make game scarce than
many hunters. This year the commission-
ers are gratified to learn that even in the
remotest game regions the use of the hound
is discontinued.

Followed by a Wildcat.

The following incident is told by Adel-
phus Parker of Phillips:

“I've shot five or six loupceviers in the
course of my life; but I had an adventure
with one once that I've never forgot,—
don't think the loupcevier did either till
the day of his death. It was nearly 30
years ago, in the burnt lands on the shore
of the Richardson lakes. It was winter
and the snow was very deep. I had been
out on snowshoes, but the travelling was
hard and I finally turned around and
started to follow my back tracks to camp.
Hadt' gone very far before I found a
loupcevier had been following me. When
I turned 'round, it had turned 'round,
keeping just out of my sight. I made
several circles to see if I could throw the
animal off the scent or get a look at it,
but succeeded in doing neither. After that
I made a swing out to the windward side
and hid myself behind a clump of beech
bushes to which the last summer's leaves
still clung. These bushes were not more
than four rods from my old tracks, and
before long I saw that old loupcevier
come creeping along the trail. Just as he
was abreast of me I fired. The gun was
loaded with small shot, which took the
loupcevier fair in the side, spreading the
thick fur like a gust of wind. The animal
moved off sideways for fifteen or twenty
feet, hissing and spitting like an enraged
tomcat. For a time it didn't seem to
know what had happened nor what was
coming next, but it finally got onto its
feet and started off on the run. It was
the most surprised wildcat I ever saw.”

Madrid Game Notes.

A Madrid man has seen during the pres-
ent open time 23 deer, but has not been
able to shoot a single one.

Frank Chick, of Madrid, furnishes the
following very interesting information.
He was recently on the track of a deer;
coming to a ledge he climbed up to get over
it, instead of going around, and heard a
crack of the bushes just over the other
side and was able to see a monster buck,
with the largest antlers he has ever seen,
just disappearing from view. He found
that it was the one he had been following
and that he had lying down by the ledge,
as he was climbing over and he had got
within two rods of him before the buck had
heard him. The brush and trees were so
thick where the buck went that he was
forced to walk in order to get through,
but his tracks showed later on that he
had lost no time after getting into the
open woods.

Mr. Chick says that the woods in Sandy
River Plantation back from the new road
are full of deer. He thinks the blasting on
the Rumford Falls and Rangeley Lakes
railroad has driven them into this sec-
tion. It only needs a little snow to run
the record up to a high notch.

Up in a small valley near Mt. Saddle-
back, is a deer's fighting ground. Mr.
Chick has frequently been through there
and found quantities of hair scattered
about on the ground, which was all trod-
den up by the angry animals. In winter
time the snow has shown that the same
use had been made of the location. The
spot is just over the hill that lies north-
east from Will Ellis' house on Beech hill.

The next Legislature may have to pro-
vide for wardens to protect people from
game hunters, who shoot first and look
afterward.—*Kennebec Journal*.

No such thing—Revive capital punish-
ment.

VERITABLY “ENCHANTED.”

Many Good Marksmen Have Failed to Hit
That Charmed Deer.

Our last week's readers will remember
the story of the enchanted deer that
roams about Sandy River Plantation and
Madrid and from interviews we have had
with parties who have seen and shot at
her, it does seem that she has a charmed
life. Isaac A. Smith, of Madrid, was the
first one to see the doe and fawn. He was
after birds and when he came upon the
pair, he had to cut a cartridge and load
with buckshot. He took good aim and
his shot took effect, staggering the doe so
she fell against a tree, but, quickly recover-
ing, was off.

Two days later, came the snow, with it
all the neighborhood turned out to hunt.
Mayor Noble got the first shot, as related
last week, then a young fellow named
Gray, fired two or three times, failing to
hit, and right after, a Mr. Lufkin saw the
two and sent one bullet wide of the mark.
She then appeared to Mark Gray who
wasted five or six cartridges while a Bos-
ton man was working industriously in
emptying his magazine at the same time.
During this last fusillade the doe was
standing as though bewildered, but finally
ran leaving behind the fawn, upon whom
the guns of the disappointed sportsmen
were then turned, and it fell. They both
claimed the honor (?) and with it the
game, but the Boston man declared he
would have it if he had to go to law, con-
sequently Gray gave in and said he would
get a better one.

If the doe is not “enchanted” she has a
charmed life for every one of the parties
who have shot at her are excellent marks-
men, and no explanation, save in the case
of Mayor Noble, who admits “buck-
fever,” can be given for so many failures.
In case the many shots have taken effect,
but not in a fatal point, some one will
some day get a lead mine.

Ed. Grant and His Little Hatchet.

Ed. Grant is the proud possessor of a
wonderful article. He claims it is no less
than the veritable hatchet with which
“the father of his country” mangled cherry
trees. “It is small, but Washington was
a small boy at the time,” explains the
owner. His account of the reason why it
was given him, is as follows: “It remained
at Mount Vernon all these years, waiting
for those in charge to find a worthy suc-
cessor in the truthful line. At last they
got on my track and after fully investigat-
ing my character I was awarded the
hatchet.”

At this point a well known guide hap-
pened along, pointing to him, the hero
said “There is ‘Truthful James,’ he was
one of the many who tried to obtain the
prize; it was of no use, however, I got it.”

“Yes,” said Truthful James, “you got
it, but if you got it where you deserve, it
would be where the chicken got the ax.”

A Bit of Beaver Lore.

Here in the Rangeleys, where beavers
aren't legally killable, many of the guides
have made a study of these busy animal's
mode of life. For this reason the follow-
ing description of Aroostook beavers will
be especially appreciated: About one and
one-half miles from Washburn, on the
Perham road, is a very strange little
house. It is not half a mile from the
main road and one is well paid for going
that distance to see the home of probably
ten beavers. It is a mud hut not unlike
the pictures we see of Esquimaux or In-
dian huts—about ten feet in diameter and
probably six feet above and as much
under the water. The sticks of the hut
were cut about four feet long and were
put together in a very compact and solid
manner.

On nearly an acre of land every stick of
poplar has been cut from two inches to
eight inches through. One stick that was
cut down, was certainly six inches in di-
ameter and the busy little choppers had

not had time to cut it up and haul it
down to their house, but had marked it
off in about four feet sticks and had
limbed it as clean as a man and ax could
do. Their paths over old logs looked as
if they had hauled for years, rotten
cedars being nearly broken in two that
were ten or twelve inches through.

Their dam below their house is about
ten or twelve rods long and does not go
straight across the brook but follows
down the stream in a crooked manner not
unlike the letter S—for some reason they
are building a little pocket on the main
dam something like the letter S. In all
probability they will build another little
house in this additional pond.

The dam is firm and wide enough for a
man to easily walk across. They use all
the advantages nature gives, in their
work, and the foundations of their dam in
some places is against rocks and in some
places, trees. Old people say they never
work Sunday, and it does seem true for
the water is never muddied a mite Sunday,
and a beaver is never in sight on that
day, but on any other day it is not un-
usual to see three out at once.

A Still Larger Fox.

To the Editors of Rangeley Lakes:

In a Rumford Falls Times of recent date
I notice the following item:

“Otis Howe, of Rumford, is something of
a fox hunter, having considerably more
than an average number to his credit. He
claims the distinction of having captured
the biggest fox on earth at Stearns Hill
in Paris one week ago Friday. This fox
weighed 12½ pounds, and the pelt is five
feet long. This is four inches longer than
Mr. Howe's previous ‘biggest.’”

Now while Mr. Howe's fox is undoubt-
edly a good one, I, who have trapped and
shot many a Reynard, can not let a 12½-
pounder pass unchallenged. One of the
last ones I killed weighed within a few
ounces of 16 lbs. And I did not think
him a very large one, either.

I do not make this claim for my own
glory, but merely to uphold the honor of
Franklin County against upper Oxford.
We'll allow that you have a better water
power at the falls than we have, but your
12½-lb. fox will not hold water.

A PHILLIPS FOX HUNTER.

Phillips, Me., Nov. 14, 1895.

The Wild, Untamed Rangeleys.

A New York Sun man is responsible for
the following “impressions” of Rangeley's
surroundings:

The wildest scenery of the Rangeley
lakes is undoubtedly that seen at Lake
Mooselookmeguntic. Particularly where
the water has risen above the original
shore, leaving the stumps of trees stand-
ing as mournful sentinels, it appears
savage. It is, in fact, so, for with the
exception of shore strips, the woods,
which crowd to the very limit of the
water, are primeval. They are far wilder
than the forests of the Adirondacks, for
there are very few places in the latter
where there are not good trails for wood-
men and hunter, while around the Range-
leys, and especially Mooselookmeguntic,
there are miles upon miles of woods which
can be penetrated only by using the ax.
Not even a woodsman's trail crosses
them, and their interior is as unknown to
the guides as to the visitors. They have
not changed in the slightest degree since
the days when the Indians were in posses-
sion, and white men were unknown.

Many of the mountains to be seen from
Mooselookmeguntic are also unexplored.
The portions in which trails of any kind
have been made are very insignificant as
compared with the rest. On some days
the highest peaks of the White mountains
are visible from the Rangeleys, and these
add to the grandeur of the scene. On
cloudy days, when the wind is blowing,
the waters of the lakes look very much
like those of the sea, and a very pro-
nounced surf, all flecked with foam, beats
upon the shore. On such days even the
venturesome do not go out in rowboats,
and the somber coloring of woods and
water makes the scene weird as well as
savage.

WASHINGTON

Mrs. Cleveland as a Bargain Hunter, and Other Gossiping Matters.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 13, (Special).—Washingtonians who attended the christening of Dorothy Whitney, the only administration baby of the first Cleveland regime, find it somewhat difficult to recognize the little girl in short frocks who distributed the expensive souvenir favors upon that occasion—probably the most elaborate affair of its kind ever seen at the National Capitol—in Miss Pauline Payne Whitney, whose marriage in New York recently, to Mr. Almeric Paget, attracted the President of the United States, two members of his cabinet and a crowd of society swells that made the recent marriage of Miss Vanderbilt to the Duke of Marlborough seem a very commonplace affair in comparison, but she was the same. Miss Pauline Whitney was attending school all the time her parents resided in Washington and the occasion referred to was her first and only public appearance in this city.

Mrs. Cleveland did not go to the wedding, although it was understood that she had accepted an invitation to attend. Those who attended the annual meeting of the Needle Work Guild, an organization presided over by Mrs. Harlan, wife of Justice Harlan, and having among its 583 members Mrs. Cleveland and most of the women who have been prominent in society for any length of time, got a pointer from the annual report of the president as to how Mrs. Cleveland spends some of her spare time. The report stated that only 136 of the members had yet sent in the completed garments, according to their duty as members, and that one of the 136 was Mrs. Cleveland, who had made with her own hands and sent in for distribution among the needy thirty-eight garments.

Speaking of Mrs. Cleveland, I have just ascertained that she has the common failing of her sex—a mania for special sales and bargain counters; and she is doubtless a careful reader of the advertisements in the local papers, at least of those houses which deal in goods she purchases. I went into one of these large stores which sell everything—I may as well own up that it was also an advertised special sale, in men's belongings, of course that carried me there—when I was somewhat surprised to see Mrs. Cleveland pushing her way through a crowd of struggling women in front of a counter upon which was piled—never mind what, I am not in the advertising business. Mrs. Cleveland finally succeeded in getting up to that counter and then she pulled and handled, just like the rest of the bargain fiends, until she got what she wanted. Then she surprised me by paying for it and after waiting without grumbling for her change carried the bundle to the door and gave it to the driver of her carriage. The floor-walker condescended in reply to my questions to inform me that Mrs. Cleveland nearly always takes her purchases away with her in order to avoid giving her name and attracting public attention, not from the clerks who all know her, but from the customers, few of whom pay her enough attention to recognize her when they are bargain hunting.

Miss Alice French, widely known in the literary world as Octave Thanet, is the guest of Gen. and Mrs. Flagler, whose daughter is soon to undergo the needless torture of being tried for manslaughter, to satisfy a few sentimentalists and busybodies. Miss French gives this account of her adoption of a nom de plume: "It was really an accident. I was a little wary of having my identity known in the first place and made up my mind to write under a fictitious name. Octave was the name of school friend of mine. It is both French and Scotch. I thought if I could find another name to go with it that was both French and Scotch I would adopt that. I was riding on a train one time when we stopped at a way station, and on the

siding near where I sat was a freight car painted red. On the side was chalked the word 'Thanet'. What it meant or how it got there I have not the slightest idea, but I decided then and there to adopt it. Lots of people still think that Octave Thanet is a man, and I frequently get letters addressed to Mr. Thanet."

Married people thinking of visiting Washington who have nobody here to vouch for them would better bring their marriage certificate along with them, as the detectives are again under orders to make all the cases they can under the Edmunds Utah law, which the Courts have decided to be in full force here, and a strange couple is liable to be arrested if some square-headed detective happens to get the idea that they act as though they were not married.

The big Blaine mansion, opposite Dupont circle is being redecorated and furnished preparatory to its occupancy by Mr. and Mrs. Westinghouse, of Pittsburgh.

Some of the funniest things are not intended to be funny. For instance, the serious balloting, on the Australian plan, on such questions as "Is Woman Entitled to Full Franchise?" which was carried on at a reception given by Wimodaughsis, in honor of the birthday of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, one of the grand old women of the women suffragists.

CALIFORNIA CONDOR.

A RARE BIRD WHOSE EGGS ARE VALUED AT \$18,000 A DOZEN.

A Species That Is Becoming Extinct, Like the Great Auk—Dangers and Hardships That Collectors Endure—Other Oological Information.

It is not generally known that among the fads of the day the collecting of birds' eggs is one that interests the cultured and wealthy, and one that may be very expensively indulged in, while it affords a mild recreation to thousands of individuals of moderate means. The scientific collection of birds' eggs has, in fact, become a fascinating avocation, and, rightly studied, a pursuit to which the systematic study of birds, their biology and the laws governing their evolution is largely indebted, as acknowledged by no less an authority than Professor Huxley himself, who showed that a study of the markings and shape of the eggs of the species aided materially in establishing the close relationship of the limicolæ (plovers) and the gaviæ (gulls and terns).

Aside from its scientific value the collecting of birds' eggs entices the enthusiast by the marvelous diversity in size, shape and markings of the eggs, fitly painted by nature herself to adorn the richest cabinet.

The raptures, or birds of prey, are a favorite family with oologists, largely from the endurance, daring and nerve requisite in scaling cliffs and lofty trees to secure their eggs, which are often, as in the case of the golden eagle, beautifully marked. This grand eagle seldom attacks the plunderer of its eggs, though it is unsafe to anger the majestic bird when its nest contains young. The eggs are two and sometimes three, large and show great variation in the markings of purple, lavender and rich brown, blotched or suffused over the surface of the shell. In California, where these eagles are most numerous, a lofty live oak tree is frequently selected as a site for the huge nest of sticks, with its lining of Spanish moss, used by the birds year after year for generations. A ledge on a cliff is also a common nesting place, and out in Wyoming an eagle has found a perfectly safe place to raise its young on the flat top of a giant rock. The nest is in plain view, but is inaccessible.

The California condor—a bird with a sweep of wing 10 feet from tip to tip, and the largest bird of flight in the world, not excepting the great Andes condor—is a species of much interest to zoologists from the extreme rarity and value of its eggs. This condor is becoming extinct, like the great auk, and as if it had a forecast of its impending doom, it resorts to the most precipitous mountain, where, on some craggy and perhaps inaccessible steep, it deposits its single egg of pale, greenish blue in a cave. But seven eggs are known

in collections, and the value of one (considering the probability of the great bird's early extinction) is very great. More than \$1,500 has been paid for a single egg of the great auk, of which there are 68 eggs in existence. America can claim two eggs of the great auk—one at Vassar college and one at the Academy of Natural Science in Philadelphia. The latter collection held for many years among the rarities an egg of the California condor, but it mysteriously disappeared a few years ago, and it is supposed some scientific kleptomaniac thought it no sin to transfer the treasure to his own collection, where he is holding it for a raise in price.

Information as to the nesting habits of the California condor has been exceedingly limited, and until 1889, when an egg was taken for H. R. Taylor, editor of The Nidologist, no eggs had been taken since the fifties. The taking of this egg showed the nesting time to be early in May, and that but one egg is laid. The collector secured the great egg after a hazardous climb down a rope, which he had fastened to a bush on the bluff above. The condor's egg was found lying in a hollow in the cave, with a few feathers for a nest. The condors had been frightened off by the discharge of the collector's gun and fortunately did not return while he was in the cave. He had not come prepared to carry any eggs, but taking off his shirt he wrapped the egg in it and lowered it to the bottom of the cliff, himself following in safety.

Mr. Walter E. Bryant, for many years curator of birds in the California Academy of Sciences, showed what a collector may endure for science on one of his expeditions to lower California, Guadalupe island, lying 150 miles off the coast of lower California, was almost an unknown territory to bird students, and he determined to visit it. The island is uninhabited, and vessels do not usually pass near it, so it was some time before he managed to secure passage on a freight schooner. They landed him with a limited supply of provisions, agreeing to return for him in a week.

The week passed, but the schooner came not, and Mr. Bryant found himself marooned. He had collected a large lot of rare specimens and discovered several new species of birds. From never having seen the face of man many of the birds could be caught by hand. Delightful as the location was for the enthusiastic ornithologist, the vanished supply of provisions made his position on a lonely island unenviable. He was reduced to dining on shellfish and such birds as he could secure and did not escape to the mainland until three weeks afterward, when the schooner returned to the island and took off the naturalist and his specimens.

The nests of nearly all birds are most interesting, and in them the zoologist finds much to study and admire, from the tiny lichen covered, downy home of that fairy, the humming bird, to the gigantic structure of the fish hawk, or osprey. One of the most curious of nests is that of the California bushtit, cunningly woven of moss, down and lichen. It is pensile, like a long purse, with a tiny round entrance hole near the top for the bird, which is not one-tenth as large as its wonderful nest.—San Francisco Examiner.

An Original Cigar Cutter.

Then our guide called our attention to the desk, and upon it stood the most exquisitely perfect miniature reduction of the guillotine it is possible to imagine. It is in highly polished dark redwood and only relieved by the glitter of the keen steel knife, crescent shaped and properly weighted, like the knife of its big and murderous sister, the real guillotine, but only an inch or two wide. We fell into ecstasies over this pretty albeit rather sinister toy and found on touching the various springs that the plank fell into place, the aperture for the head of the victim closed duly and the wee knife fell with a proper thud.

We asked the use of this small marvel, when the guide smiled, and taking from his pocket a cigar, with the rapidity born of long practice, laid it on the plank, where it was held in position by a spring, touched the various knobs, and in a twinkling the tip of the cigar was sliced off by the keen knife, and it was ready for smoking. It is natural to infer that the men of our party snipped off the ends of all their cigars before we left the premises, as well as we Parisiennes were amused at playing the executioner in a harmless manner with this dainty little guillotine.—Paris Letter.

Dallas.

Lovell Nile and wife went to Bemis to work, last week.

Cora Kenniston will return to her home in Farmington, Monday.

Joseph Harris was in Dallas, Saturday, to hire men to go in the woods.

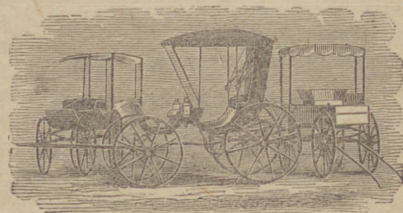
Altha and Adeline Batchelder and Clista Nile, will go to Dead River, Monday.

Silas Adams and wife have returned to his farm from Dead River Station. They will stay about two weeks, then go to Redington to work this winter.

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Walker & Lufkin

Having purchased the business and good-will of A. E. BLODGETT, the subscribers respectfully announce that they are prepared to do

General Blacksmithing & Carriage Repairing.

Mr. Walker has had over 15 years' experience as a blacksmith and Mr. Lufkin has been a wood-worker for many years, and both thoroughly understand their business.

We respectfully solicit a share of patronage.

L. Walker, E. C. Lufkin,
Blodgett's Old Shop, Next Door to Steam Mill.
RANGELEY, MAINE.

JONAS WHATLEY'S BEAR.

A Trapping Adventure in Lycoming County, Pa.

The Old Hunter Who Was One of the Heroes of the Occasion Recounts His Exciting Experiences.

"Did I ever tell ye about Jonas Whatley's bear-traypin' adventure over in Lycoming County?"

Our log hunting camp was built against the semi-circular end of a big rock which had thus been utilized as the background of a large, old-fashioned fireplace in which leaped and danced a wood fire such as only hunters know how to build. Supper had been eaten and six pipes produced and lit when, after a protracted period of silence, one of the men (a native Pennsylvanian) propounded the question which appears at the beginning of this letter. All hands immediately disclaimed any knowledge of Jonas or his exploits and, thus encouraged, our backwoods raconteur continued:

"Wall, I knowed Jonas, if you didn't. Most of ye was too young to have known anybody very intimately 'ceptin' yer parents or the destrict school-marm. I lived in Lycoming County 'way back in the 60's, and Jonas Whatley was my nearest neighbor. We lived three miles apart, which was plenty near enough to suit Jonas, for he was the unsociablest feller I ever saw. We lived on Larry's Creek, up near the headwaters, where, as most of ye probably know, was as good territory for bears as was to be found in the State. A man didn't have to hunt a week them days to find a track and if he kept any stock he had to be mighty particular to keep closed doors during the evenin' session.

"Jonas had 10 or a dozen sheep which he sot a good deal of store by, and one afternoon Mrs. Whatley come over to our place and said she wanted to borrow my bear trap. It was the same trap you helped me to set this morning. She said a bear had broken into where Jonas kept the sheep nights and carried off one of the nicest ewes, and Jonas wanted to get even with the big mutton-head. I asked why he didn't come after the trap himself. It's a load for a man, ye know—and she said he was clean beat out, havin' watched most of the time for three nights. Of course, I couldn't be so plaguy ungallant as to let a little mite of a woman lug that big trap three miles, so I swung it over my shoulder and trudged on ahead. Mrs. Whatley stopped at our house to rest a few minutes, but she overtook me before I had gone far and told me more about the bear. She said Jonas heard a great row among the sheep and got up to see about it. He was just in time to see the ornery brute sneak'n' off in the darkness with a big sheep in his mouth. It wa'n't any use to think of follerin' him until daylight, but Jonas watched the rest of the night for fear he'd come back, and at daybreak took his old musket and started out. It was early in April, and there wasn't enough snow on the ground to amount to much for trackin' purposes, but it had been a frosty night and Jonas hadn't any trouble in keepin' the trail, until the sun came out and melted the tracks. Mrs. Jonas said Whatley found where the bear had climbed over the fence and busted the two top rails. Just a little furdur on he found the hide and some of the rest of the sheep. I seen the skin afterwards and it had been took off a dum sight slicker'n any of you fellers can do it.

"It was late in the afternoon when we got to the Whatley place and we went to set the trap. Jonas kept his sheep in a pen built of logs and poles. He had roosted on the top of the pen a couple of nights and was pretty well drilled out. We put the trap close to the pen, fastened a heavy clog to the chain and rigged up a cord from the trap to Whatley's bedroom window, with a cow bell on it that would ring on the leetlest motion of the trap.

Then we took the skin of the sheep the bear had killed and dragged it around in a big circle and finally to the trap. I couldn't stay over night, but I told Whatley I'd run over in the mornin' to see how matters was durin' the night. I'd had some experience trappin' bears, and the more I thought about it that night the more firmly I began to believe that that bear was a mighty cunnin' critter as well as a big one, and I thought it would be somewhat surprisin' if Whatley managed to trap to him at all. Humsomever, I got out bright and early the next mornin', took my rifle and started for Whatley's. When I got in sight of the Whatley place I seen Jonas comin' from the house, and I knew from his actions that somethin' had happened. 'Mornin' Jonas. What luck," says I. 'Did ye catch him?"

"Yas, I've got him," says Whatley, kinder curious like. 'Come and see for yerself,' and he led the way to the sheep pen without a word. Wall, what d'ye 'spose I found when I got there?"

"Bear! of course," responded some one. "Nary bear. I found Whatley's old buck doubled up like a jackknife with his hind feet through one of the springs, and his tongue hangin' out mor'n a foot. Ye see, the old trap had got the strangle-hold on him and, though he was a champion in his class, the old feller had to give in. He was deader'n a door nail and I don't believe the State of Pennsylvania held a madder man than Jonas Whatley was that mornin'. He said more in five minutes than he usually did in a week. Jonas never was religious and I'm dead certain he didn't bank any savin' grace that day.

"Omittin' the swearin', Whatley said it seemed to him that he'd just dozed off to sleep when he was roused by the cow bell. Jingly bang it went for a few seconds like the gong at a fourth-rate boardin' house. Then the string busted. Whatley jumped up and socked himself into his clothes, grabbed his gun and ran out. He could hear the trap and chain rattle like all possessed. Yes, there the 'tarnal critter was, tuggin' away at the trap, and Whatley pointed the old musket that way and pulled the trigger, when he saw the old brute sneak off in the darkness as slick as grease. It didn't take Jonas long to find out that he had trapped the wrong animal and filled him full of buckshot besides. The bear had pulled the roof poles apart and the old buck started a scrimmage. There's no tellin' how 'twould have ended if the buck hadn't got caught, for he was a bang-up fighter and no mistake. The bear had been tryin' to pull him out of the trap, but hadn't succeeded in doing it when Jonas drove him away.

"I asked Whatley if he wanted to set the trap again, and he said no. He said if I'd watch that night he'd go to Otter Run and get Ike Gardner to come over with his dogs. Gardner was the best bear hunter in Lycoming County at that time, and he had two dogs that were up in the business. It was 15 miles through the woods to Otter Run, and Whatley reckoned on goin' over towards night an comin' back early in the mornin'. I didn't much relish the idea of watchin' all night in the cold, but I had a notion I could improve on Whatley's method so I told 'all right.' Wall I went back home and fixed up matters so I could stay a day or so, for I wanted to see the thing out, and along towards evenin' I went back over to Whatley's. When it came dark I took a blanket and went out and got inside of the pen with the sheep, where I was as comfortable as a toad under a cabbage leaf. I managed to keep my eyes and ears opened until about three o'clock in the mornin', when I began to feel powerful sleepy and I must have dropped off to sleep for a minute or two, mebbey longer, for the first thing I knew the sheep were runnin' backwards and forwards and tumblin' over each other in the wildest kind of a stampede, and I could hear that blamed bear on the roof.

You can jest gamble that I was middlin' wide awake 'long about that time. It was dark as a pocket in the pen, but I

could easily tell where the bear was by the noise he made. I got close up to the spot and cocked my rifle. Think's I, 'old feller, if you poke that ugly snout of yours in here you'll need a pocket handkerchief bad.' Wall, he kept workin' away, and purty soon he got the coverin' off so I could see a little light and then he jammed his old nozzle through between the poles and gave a big sniff.

"I ought to have waited longer, but I'd got purty well excited by that time and I poked the muzzle of my rifle up that way and fired. Of course I couldn't tell whether I'd hit him or not, but I thought by the way he acted that he'd smelt something besides mutton. Mrs. Whatley came out with a lantern in a few minutes and I found plenty of blood. I follered the trail 50 or 60 rods by lantern light, an' then I lost it and had to wait until Gardner came with the dogs.

"It was 10 o'clock in the mornin' when Jonas and Gardner came, and, after swallerin' their breakfasts, we put the dogs on the trail. After travelin' half or three-quarters of an hour we came to a place where the bear had passed over some wet ground leavin' a track as plain as if it had been made to order. 'It's jest as I expected,' said Gardner, after carefully examinin' the tracks. 'You've been entertainin' Old Club-foot. 'Tain't any wonder ye didn't succeed in hangin' a trap to him. The man don't live that can steer that bear into a trap.'

"I'd often heard hunter's tell about Old Club-foot and I knew all about his hist'ry. Years before he'd lost part of one paw in one of old Philip Tome's traps over on Pine Creek, and I reckon he never forgot it.

"'He won't tree,' said Gardner, 'but if you've hit him hard enough mebbey he will stop under a rock somewhere close by. If he don't, we won't stand much chance of overhaulin' him. He's got too much start.'

"Wall! my bullet *did* tap him mighty close to the juglar, as we found out afterwards, and, while it wouldn't have killed him, he lost a sight of blood and had to lay by for repairs. It was along about noon that we heard the dogs barkin' down towards the alder bottom and when we got down there we found the bear had holed under the roots of a hemlock tree that had got blowed over by the wind, formin' a very convenient shelter and hidin' place. How to get at him was the question we began to figger on. There was only one entrance to the den and we hadn't anythin' to smoke him out with. Finally I noticed that there were two or three large limbs which held the body of the tree up some distance from the ground an' I thought that cuttin' them off would let the weight of the tree tear the roots up an' uncover the bear. I told Gardner to take my gun and his own, too, and watch and I'd try it anyhow. The scheme worked. When I cut the last limb the tree went down with a crash and jerked up the flap of that tepee quicker'n you could say Jack Robinson. It let in a flood of light on the subject, so to speak, and Ike Gardiner concluded the performance by lettin' a little more daylight through the bear. Gardiner had plugged him twice before I got around where I could see, and though he was deader'n a Pitthole boardin' house, Jonas wasn't satisfied until he'd put a matter of 15 or 20 buckshot under the critter's hide.

"It was old Club-foot, sure enough. Jest about one half of one of his forepaws was missin' and he was as thin as a starved boiled pigeon shadder, but he had a frame capable of puttin' on 500 pounds of flesh, and I reckon he intended to do it jest as soon as he could take about that amount of mutton into his lean old carcass."

It was bedtime, and the great pile of embers on the hearth emitted but a dull glow. Five New-Yorkers from the effete hunting grounds of Western Erie County tumbled wearily into their bunks, regretting in the meantime that their lots hadn't been cast in Lycoming County back in the 60's.

B. J. HOLLISTER.

The Care of a Piano.

It is a common but mistaken belief that a piano should be kept as dry as possible. It is true that near salt water the strings of a piano will soon rust, but we who live inland need not dread that. The mistake is in keeping the air warm and dry. The voice of a piano is its sounding board, a piece of wood that is very sensitive to atmospherical changes. Dry heat destroys the fullness and depth of this "voice" and the piano gives out a thin, "tin-panny" tone. A piano-tuner says that in the fall he loosens the screws of the piano because the wood is then swollen. In the spring he tightens all these screws—and there are a great many of them—because the wood has shrunk—sometimes the piano has been half-baked—and the keys rattle like castanets, after four or five months of furnace-heat. The moral is: Provide some means of keeping the atmosphere of the room moist, as well as warm. This is most easily done by keeping plants in the same room with the piano. A calla, or oleander would be especially good for this purpose as both of them like to stand with their feet in mud. However, this is immaterial, if the air agrees with the plants, it will with the piano. And air that does not agree with plants, it should be understood, is not good for human beings. If plants are an impossibility the next best thing is a dish filled with water and kept on the stove.

A piano should not be placed so that one end of it will be cold while the other is warm. This warps its internal economy, and disarranges things generally, and the varnish will "check" from extremes of heat and cold. Instead it should be equally distant from the fire or register.

Within the last four or five years the fact has come to be recognized that one does not get the full value of tone from an upright piano when it is placed squarely against the wall. So the fashion has come in of placing a piano across the corner of a room, or with one end towards a window, so that the light falls on the keys. When the piano is put in this position it becomes apparent that it is not fully clothed for the public eye, and so thin draperies of silk or art muslin are put over the back; or a screen, just the size of the back, stands against it, hiding its short comings, but in no wise interfering with the tone, which, there is no denying, is certainly much stronger and clearer than when the piano stands with its back to the wall.

People wonder sometimes why their piano-keys turn yellow. "I keep it shut up all the time except when it is being used," they say. The very reason that the keys are yellow! Ivory always turns yellow in the dark. Of course, if the keys have become yellowed with age that is another matter. But the piano should not be kept in the dark anyway. It should be regarded as a by-no-means-silent member of the family circle, and should be in the room where the family "most do congregate." If it is closed, when sweeping and dusting are going on, the rest of the time it may safely be left open, and there is no reason why the keys should turn yellow save from extreme old age. Lemon-juice will whiten keys, but care must be taken that it does not get on the wood of the piano.

And about the care of a piano—its daily toilet with the duster. Some people say that nothing but a silk duster should be used on a piano. Silk may be good, but it does not take up the dust from the highly polished surface—it merely slides the dust around and you can see it settling back in another place directly you stop. Cheese cloth, washed till it is quite soft is good. Best of all is a chamois-skin which takes off the dust and polishes the piano. Often a little rub with a chamois-skin will brighten the wood and remove finger-marks as nothing else will. Chamois-skins, by the way, are not expensive, a quarter will buy one large enough for two dusters, and will last almost a life time. When soiled they can easily be washed in soap and luke warm water. A said-to-be-good polish for the piano is of equal parts of pure linseed oil and turpentine; these should be well shaken together and strained through a fine cloth.

Local Paragraphs.

James A. Smith was in Phillips last week.

The steam-mill is shut down again for a short time.

Contractor Cain found the grounds rather juicy after the rains.

Mrs. John Horn, of Phillips, is visiting her son, A. J. Haley, for a few days.

James Snowman brings us in a belated dandelion blossom picked within a week.

O. W. Russell, of Phillips, was in town Tuesday to buy a boat for his Long Pond camp.

Six of the carpenters employed by Mr. Marble, are off duty till the timber for the piazza is sawed.

Thirty Kegs of beer arrived by rail Tuesday, going down to Bemis to help the Dagos build the new railroad.

I. W. Greene, Esq., of Coplin, was in town Tuesday to arrange for logging in Greenvale, for the Redington Company.

Lewis Bowley, of Mountain View House, and Amos Ellis were in Phillips last week. Mr Bowley purchased a horse of Benj. Tarbox, Esq.

Charles Barrett has applied to the selectmen for the customary permission to operate a steam engine in his new shop on Main street.

Lewis Bowley bought a 4-years-old colt of Benj. Tarbox, Thursday, and exchanged the same evening with Elijah W. Blodgett for his Albino colt.

There will be no school house meeting next Wednesday, but the Wednesday evening following there will be a meeting in the Dallas district.

A delegation from the Y. P. S. C. E. had an interesting meeting, well attended, last Wednesday evening in the school house in the Quimby district.

George H. Moores, of Sandy River River Plantation, bargained for two boats of Baker Tufts' make on Tuesday. They are to go to Long Pond.

Now more Massachusetts shoe firms want to get away from that state, on account of labor troubles. Where is Rangeley's Board of Trade that they do not enter into communication with some of them?

The contract for building the new Mountain View House was let to Geo. H. Snowman and Frank Kempton. They are to complete the house ready for occupancy by July 1, 1896. They have a crew at work and are improving the present warm weather.

The president of the Lotus club, of New York City, writing about advertisements, says: "If I am stopping in a strange town or city, I should feel that I could get a good many hints as to the peculiarities and the character of the place and people by reading the advertisements in the local newspapers."

A new church choir has been formed, the make-up being as follows: Soprano, Mrs. Frank Harris and Miss Lillian Haines; tenor, Messrs. Lyman Kempton and J. A. Russell; alto, Misses Florence Hinkley and Helen Haines; bass, Messrs. Frank Harris and G. L. Kempton; organist, Miss Maggie Hinkley.

It was a mad crew of trainmen that came into Rangeley the other night—that is, they had been somewhat aroused but were cooled off enough to tell us about it. Among the cars taken on at Redington was a box car of what they were told were dry boards for finishing off a logging camp a few miles up the line. They did not look into the car, but supposed the boards were short ones. When they reached the log track and slowed up, they opened the box car and found that it contained 2,000 feet of wet, icy boards all too long to be taken out of the side doors. So they had to uncouple the car and take every board out through the small door in the upper corner of the end. It took 'em a solid half-hour's hard work.

The grammar school closes this week.

Two weddings are set for Saturday night.

Frank Russell is boarding at Eben Hinkley's.

Joel Wilbur, of Phillips, was in town Saturday.

Dr. H. B. Palmer, of Phillips, was in town last week.

Mrs. A. W. Bigelow is seriously ill with catarrhal pneumonia.

Post-Master Herrick's little son, Howard, has been ill this week.

Joe Nile is expected home from the Normal at Farmington, this week.

The King's Daughters meet next Monday evening with the Misses Lamb.

Mr. Chas. H. Neal expects to move into his new house on High street, Monday.

Mrs. J. B. Marble and Miss Rachel returned from their Massachusetts visit last week.

Miss Ella Johnston, who has been teaching the primary school, has gone to Lisbon Falls on a visit.

Mrs. Chas. Quimby has gone to Lowell, Mass., to visit her sisters. Her son, Alton, accompanied her.

Miss Lucy Marble has returned home to spend her fall vacation. She will be at home till after Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Elbridge Dill were in town Sunday, to attend the funeral services of Mrs. Wm. Lamb.

Miss Hortense Nile, who has been at Farmington learning the dress-making trade, returned home Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Phineas Richardson and daughter, Miss Prudence, left Wednesday, for a visit with relatives in Turner.

Isaac A. Smith and Frank Hight were in town Wednesday on their way to Kennebago farm, for a few days' hunting.

Wednesday morning was a rough one, wind and rain, but the rain ceased early and the day was as warm as September.

It would be a good time to have a street-crossing or two put in. Will not some one start a petition for that cause?

David Hoar is recovering steadily from his accident of a few weeks ago, though the cut in his lip still pains him severely.

Arthur Jones, so well and favorably known to our citizens, has abandoned his southern trip and will try the winter in Rangeley again.

The King's Daughters are preparing an entertainment for the near future. We understand that a "cake walk" is to be one of the drawing cards.

The original site of the Rangeley Lake House has been graded as smooth as a lawn, and the carpenters are now working on the ell of the old house.

S. B. McCard received, Tuesday night, the news of the death of his father in Nevada City, Cal., Nov. 6, at the age of 70 years. Mr. McCard was formerly a resident of Exeter, Me., but moved to California many years ago.

Mr. L. M. Vaughn, of Strong, completed his canvass of Rangeley and neighboring plantations, in the interests of the Maine Bible Society, last Tuesday. The following statistics presented by Mr. Vaughn may be interesting. Whole number of families in Rangeley, 160; families without bibles, 12; volumes sold, 86; volumes given away, 15. Whole number of families in Rangeley Plantation, 12; without bibles, 2; copies sold, 6; given away, 7. Number of families in Dallas, 35; without bibles, 12; copies sold, 16; given away, 15. Number of families in Greenvale, 10, without bibles, 1; copies sold, 5; given away, 1. Number of families in Sandy River Plantation, 4; without bibles, 0; copies sold, 2. Mr. Vaughn has visited every home in the above places and has given bibles to all who did not have them and who were unable to buy. The work that the society which he represents is doing, certainly deserves our well wishes and hearty assistance.

John Haley, Esq., is able to be out of doors apart or the time.

An article by Miss Julia H. May will be one of next week's features.

S. R. Fuller and wife, of Eustis, are visiting his son, Martin L. Fuller.

Natt Ellis and the rest of that through-to-Canada party came out from Kennebago Tuesday night. They shot three deer.

Next week's number of RANGELEY LAKES will have lots of good Thanksgiving reading matter, including an original poem by Elizabeth Akers Allen, for whom the steamer Florence Percy was named. Watch for it.

Among the many frequenters of the Rangeleys, no one was better known or had more friends, than Henry G. Ashton, of Somerville, Mass. It is with sadness that we chronicle his sudden death on Tuesday of last week. Mr. Ashton was born in England, March 30, 1846. He leaves a wife and five children, all well-known in this vicinity, and to whom the sympathy of this community is extended.

The last section of the old hotel was nearly on the height of land Tuesday morning and the work was being pushed briskly. "How soon?" we asked Mr. Cain. He smiled as he heard the oft asked question and said: "Thursday will see it on the foundations, if the weather holds fair." The rains impeded the work very much, as it was almost impossible to make a firm blocking in the water-soaked ground of the sag.

Geneva L. Lamb died at her home in Rangeley Friday morning, Nov. 15, at 8.30 a. m. Mrs. Lamb was born in Winthrop, Me., June 14, 1855. She was the daughter of Ansel and Lucy D. Dill, of Phillips. She was married to William Lamb, June 29, 1878. She was taken sick the 28th of July, the present year and during her sickness was tenderly cared for by her husband and two daughters whom she leaves to mourn her early death. The funeral occurred Sunday morning at 11 o'clock at the church, which was beautifully decorated with house plants.

Michael Ramsey, aged 29, of Lewiston, died at Simon Oakes' Sunday, under peculiarly distressing circumstances. He had been working at Bemis on the new railroad, and about a week before his death was taken sick with pneumonia. Sunday he was brought by boat from Bemis to Rangeley. Here his strength gave out and he died Monday. His brother, James, was summoned from North Leeds; but, thinking his brother still at Bemis, he went there, via Rumford Falls and did not reach Rangeley till Tuesday morning. Wednesday morning the sad journey home was commenced. Mr. James Ramsey taking his brother's remains to Lewiston for burial.

Phillips.

Tuesday morning, Deputy Sheriff Esty, of Rangeley, came down to Redington and arrested John Donovan bringing him to this place. He was taken before Justice Noble on a charge of drunkenness. He pleaded guilty and was fined, which added to the costs, made a total of \$17.10. He paid.

From a Rangeley Boy.

To the Editors of Rangeley Lakes:

I would like to write a few words for RANGELEY LAKES, the best little paper on earth, every person who has ever been in Rangeley, should subscribe for it.

I left dear old Rangeley three years ago, though I have been home twice in the mean time. I felt sad as I took my farewell look at the village, the well known Haley pond, beautiful Gull pond which you propose to be the center of a park system for the Rangeley to be. How nice it could be made for the thousands of visitors who will pass their summers there.

Many a nice string of trout I have taken from that pond.

When I first left Rangeley it was by the narrow gauge, we went about ten miles an hour and I thought it was fast. I had never before been further away from home than Farmington, and then I thought I had seen all the world. It took half a day

to reach Farmington, there I bought a ticket for Whitefield, N. H. and stepped into the broad gauge Maine Central train. When we got to Wilton I was scared nearly to death, I thought Satan had been let loose, my head felt queer, and I would have given a dollar to have been out of that train. I asked a man who set with me if we were not going very fast, he said "No, only about forty miles an hour."

In the last year I have been in all the New England states, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

I left Lancaster for Philadelphia and found I had seen but little of the country before that, I went by the way of the Fall River line, through Long Island Sound.

When we changed cars to take the boat, it was in the evening, I guess there were a hundred hackmen all shouting "have a hack," and as many more baggage agents yelling "baggage checked," news boys shouting "Boston evening papers," and policemen hurrying up the crowd with their "move on." There I was a poor green country boy, in a large, strange city. I heard a lady ask the way to the boat, he said "Five blocks this way, and time for her to start, you'll have to run to catch it." I ran with the rest till we came to what looked like a large block, into this we went, and I found myself in a lovely waiting room, handsomely furnished and full of people. After a while I asked a man how long before the boat would come for us, he looked at me and said, "You are on board the boat and five miles out to sea." I was surprised, for I had not felt the least movement. When I went on deck I found it was really so, and all the boats on Rangeley lake could be put on the deck of this one and hardly make a show.

I was on deck at daylight and as far as I could see were boats of all descriptions. In New York city I had no trouble, a policeman told me to go so many blocks, turn to the right so many doors and I would find the post office. A market, I should think it was a mile long, interested me very much.

The ferry took me to Jersey City when I took a train for Philadelphia. The route was through a beautiful peach, pear and apple orchard. The country much interested me and if I ever purchase a farm it will be in that vicinity.

I went out from Philadelphia some ways into the country when they raise large fields of corn, I started to go through one field to reach a farmers and got lost, was there till four o'clock in the morning. The owner called it a small piece but it covered 130 acres. There were some fields near that had 300 acres.

I guess I have said more than you will want to publish, if so put it in the basket.

R. A. PHILBRICK.

Lancaster, N. H., Nov. 11, 1895.

Card of Thanks.

We desire to publicly express our heartfelt thanks to our kind friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted us during our late bereavement, and to those who so kindly sent and brought flowers.

May the sweetness of Jesus' blessing rest on you all as did the sweetness of those flowers on us that solemn day.

WM. LAMB.
MAUD LAMB.
NEELLIE LAMB.
LURA LAMB.

BORN.

Rangeley, Nov. 1, to the wife of Mr. J. L. Philbrick, a son.

Rangeley, Nov. 13, to the wife of Mr. Fred H. Pillsbury, a daughter.

Rangeley, Nov. 15, to the wife of Mr. Henry Searles, a daughter.

DIED.

Nevada City, Cal., Nov. 6, Sylvanus McCard, aged 70 years.

Rangeley, Nov. 17, Michael Ramsey, aged 28 years.

Rangeley, Nov. 15, Geneva L., wife of Wm. Lamb, aged 40 years, five months.